

No. 61 JAN-FEB.

ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

10¢



SO THAT'S
WHAT AN EARTHLING
LOOKS
LIKE! SEIZE
HIM!

Here it is...
THE MOST CHALLENG-
ING STORY YOU'VE EVER
READ! DON'T MISS...

"The **WORLD**
THAT WAS!"

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



*AT LAST! No more Stretching, Straining
You're bewitchingly beautiful—instantly!*



SHAPE-O-LETTE

WITH NEW, LONGLINE
FRONT ZIPPER

YOURS! Exciting new-fashion allure with never-before natural comfort and convenience. Just ZIP for instant FIT! No bulges anywhere; powerful all Lastex action-back provides firm support without ugly crease marks.

DESIGNED and tested to trim tummy, nip hips, give youthful, enticing uplift ... light, clever boning avoids cup pinching. Adjustable straps included. **EXTRA!** Smooth hook 'n eye front with self-lock zipper excitingly conforms to any plunge neckline. And daringly new, wonderfully fitting front—zipper SHAPE-O-LETTE costs little more than longline bra alone!

WHITE PINK BLUE BLACK

A cup, 32-36 B cup, 34-40

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Hook 'n eye front with soft cushion backing for smooth, firm fit. Equally alluring with easy to-attach straps

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CUP..... Size..... 1st Color. Choice..... 2nd.....

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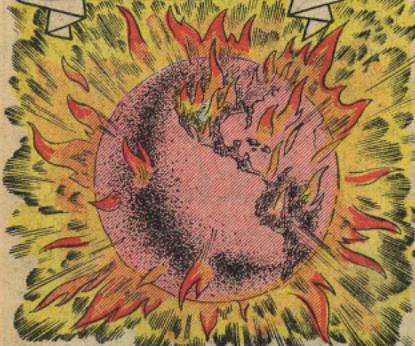
The WHEEL OF FATE SPINS... SPINS... AROUND AND AROUND ... AND WHERE IT STOPS, NOBODY EVER KNOWS! HERE'S A STRANGE, CHALLENGING STORY OF THE FINAL TURN OF THE WHEEL --- OF THE DAY THAT IT STOPPED FOREVER --- AND DESTRUCTION WAS THE FATE OF...

The WORLD that WAS!



WERE YOU THERE FOR THAT LAST RECKLESS SPIN OF THE WHEEL OF FATE? IT HAPPENED ONE SUMMER MORNING--IN A FIERY ERUPTION THAT MARKED THE END OF THE WORLD WE KNEW...

YES, THAT WAS THE LAST OF THE EARTH! BUT LET'S GO BACK BEFORE THE HOLOCAUST: WHAT WERE THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE TRAGEDY? WHAT SORT OF WORLD WAS IT? ITS PEOPLE ... WERE THEY GUIDED BY THE ANCIENT GOLDEN RULE?

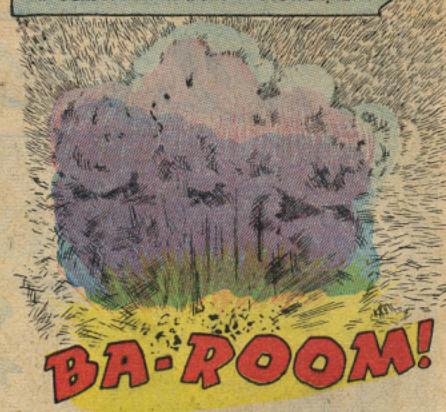


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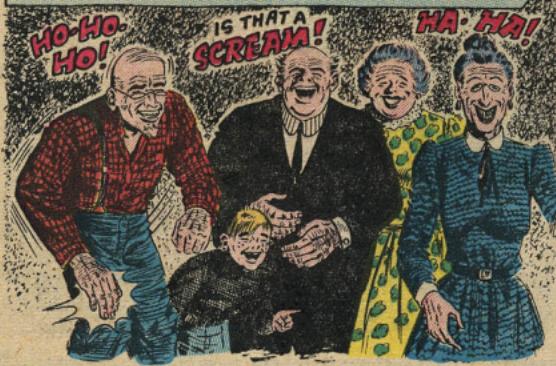
IT SOUNDED FINE...BUT HOW DID WE LIVE UP TO IT?
IN WARS...



...IN DEADLY NEW WEAPONS OF DESTRUCTION...



THAT'S HOW IT WAS ON THE LEADERSHIP LEVEL! BUT HOW ABOUT THE INDIVIDUALS...THE LITTLE PEOPLE? FOR THE ANSWER, LET'S LOOK IN ON A TYPICAL AMERICAN SMALL TOWN...MILLER'S GAP, KANSAS!...SAY, THIS LOOKS PROMISING...THE MERRIMENT OF JUST PLAIN FOLKS...



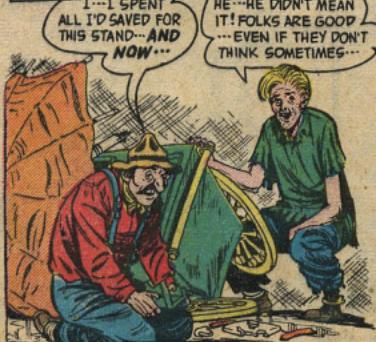
WE SEE IT NOW...WHAT THEY WERE LAUGHING AT...

I TOLD YA BEFORE WHAT'D HAPPEN IF YA BROUGHT THAT RIG O' YOURS NEAR MY SHOP, PETERS! NOW GET GOIN'!



CRASH

Nobody came to his aid! You couldn't count Simon! He couldn't help much...not with that simple, befooled mind of his...

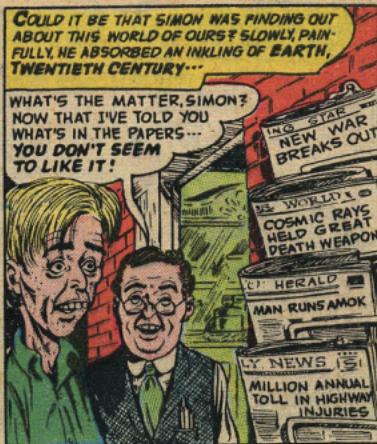


YES, FOLKS WERE GOOD...SIMON WAS SURE OF IT! THAT'S WHY HE WONDERED WHEN THINGS LIKE THIS HAPPENED...



I...I SPENT ALL I'D SAVED FOR THIS STAND...AND NOW...

HE...HE DIDN'T MEAN IT! FOLKS ARE GOOD...EVEN IF THEY DON'T THINK SOMETIMES...



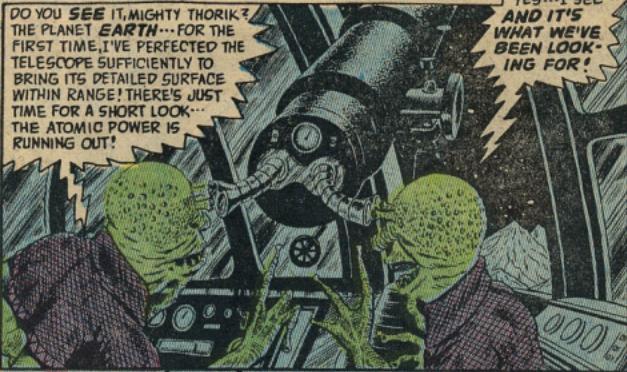
BUT SIMON GOT AWAY... ALTHOUGH HE WAS NEVER QUITE THE SAME AFTER THAT...

WE'LL GIVE 'IM SOMETHIN' DO A GOOD THING... AND WHEN WE CATCH 'IM! THEY DO THIS TO ME!

AN UNFORTUNATE EVENT--PART OF THE WORLD WE LIVED IN? WELL... WHAT KIND OF WORLD WAS IT? AT THAT VERY MOMENT, FAR OUT IN THE DISTANT REACHES OF SPACE, OTHERS WERE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THIS VERY QUESTION...



DO YOU SEE IT, MIGHTY THORIK? THE PLANET EARTH... FOR THE FIRST TIME, I'VE PERFECTED THE TELESCOPE SUFFICIENTLY TO BRING ITS DETAILED SURFACE WITHIN RANGE! THERE'S JUST TIME FOR A SHORT LOOK... THE ATOMIC POWER IS RUNNING OUT!



HERE'S WHAT THEY SAW IN THE GREAT ATOMIC TELESCOPE! THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT THIS WAS ... MILLER'S GAP!

LAND THAT CAN BE PLANTED... LAND ON WHICH WE CAN SETTLE OUR TEEMING MILLIONS!



IT'S A DESPERATE STEP... BUT THERE'S NO HELP FOR IT! OUR SMALL PLANET IS OVERCROWDED... WE MUST SECURE NEW LIVING SPACE OR DIE! AND HOW REGRETTABLE IT IS THAT WE MUST FIRST DESTROY THE INHABITANTS OF THE TARGET PLANET, TO ASSURE THE SUCCESS OF OUR INVASION!



BUT WE ARE NOT BY NATURE KILLERS... AND WE WILL NOT SLAY THINKING BEINGS LIKE OURSELVES!

CREATURES OF LOW MENTALITY, YES... AND THAT ONLY BECAUSE WE HAVE TO!

SO IF EARTH IS POPULATED BY PEOPLE OF A HIGH ORDER, WE MUST SEEK OUT SOME OTHER PLANET! BUT--HOW ARE WE GOING TO KNOW?



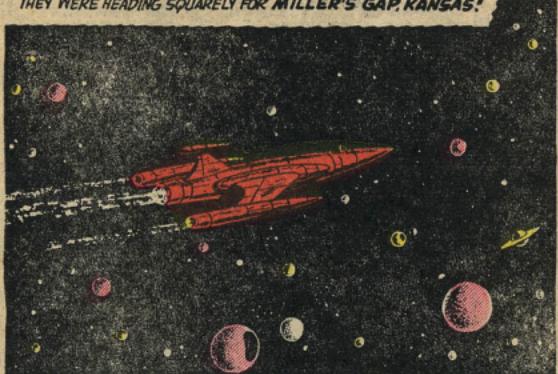
WE HAVE THE SPACE SHIPS WITH WHICH WE WOULD UNDERTAKE INVASION IN ANY CASE! WELL, USE ONE OF THEM FOR A SECRET RAID... TO CAPTURE A SPECIMEN OF EARTHLY LIFE AND BRING IT HERE FOR OBSERVATION! ON THAT, WE CAN BASE OUR DECISION OF WHETHER OR NOT TO DESTROY ALL LIFE ON EARTH!



AND SO IT WAS DECIDED! MANNED BY SEVERAL SPACE-MEN FROM THE SMALL, YET HIGHLY ADVANCED PLANET CREA, A DARING SPACE-ROCKET MISSION GOT UNDER WAY!



THROUGH THE VAST REACHES OF OUTER SPACE ZOOMED THE ROCKET, AT BREATHTAKING SPEED! ITS CONTROLS WERE SET TO HOME ON THE VERY POINT ON WHICH THE ATOMIC TELESCOPE HAD BEEN TRAINED! YES... THEY WERE HEADING SQUARELY FOR MILLER'S GAP, KANSAS!



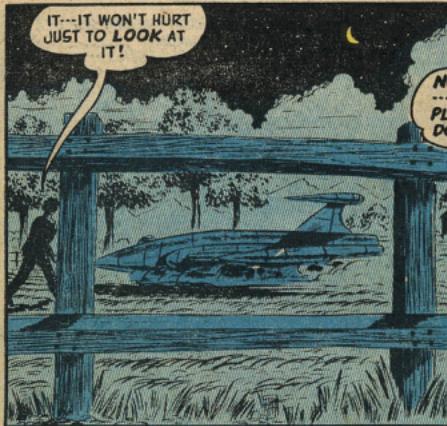
IT WAS NIGHT WHEN IT NOSED IN FOR A LANDING... AND NOBODY SAW IT! NOBODY, THAT IS, EXCEPT--SIMPLE SIMON!



IT--IT WON'T HURT JUST TO LOOK AT IT!

AND SO IT TURNED OUT TO BE POOR SIMON THAT WAS THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE! FOR THE VISITORS FROM

CRETA, IT WAS A STROKE OF LUCK...



NO! LEAVE ME... ALONE... PLEASE... DON'T...

WHAT LUCK! AN EARTHMAN IN OUR GRASP... WITHOUT OUR PRESENCE, EVEN BECOMING KNOWN!



AH, WHAT A TRIP THAT WAS, BACK INTO SPACE--WITH SIMON, STARING AFFRIGHTEDLY AT HIS CAPTORS... AND THEY STARING BACK AT HIM...



HE COULDN'T DREAM THAT HE WAS BEING ESCORTED TO CRETA TO STAND TRIAL! IT WAS A STRANGE OCCASION--SIMON DIDN'T KNOW THAT THEY UNDERSTOOD HIM BY TELEPATHY--AND WERE FLASHING THEIR THOUGHTS INTO HIS ADDLED MIND BY THE SAME PROCESS...



IT WAS DISCOURAGING TO ALL THEIR QUESTIONS,
THEY RECEIVED NOTHING BETTER THAN...

HUH? DUNNO...

**POOR
SIMON...
DON'T
HIT
HIM...**

WAS THERE ANY WONDER, THEN, THAT THE COURT COULD PASS
ONLY ONE SENTENCE?

READY THE IN-
TERPLANETARY
COSMIC RAYS FOR
TOTAL EXECU-
TION!

THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH
BEING OF THE LOW ORDER OF
MENTALITY INDICATED, IT IS
OUR JUDGMENT THAT THEY
BE DESTROYED!

THE DREAD INTERPLANETARY COSMIC RAYS
...CAUSING EXTINCTION BY FIRE! WHILE THEY
WERE BEING PREPARED FOR THE MASS
DESTRUCTION OF THE EARTHLINGS, WHAT
OF SIMPLE SIMON? HE WAS TREATED WELL
...FED AND CLOTHED DECENTLY...FOR
AFTER ALL, THESE MEN OF **CRETA**
WERE ESSENTIALLY KIND...

DEATH WILL COME AS
A MERCY TO HIS RACE
...OBSERVE HIS STARVED
CONDITION!

D-DAY, H-HOUR FOR THE ATTACK WERE AT HAND! AT THE LAST MOMENT,
THORIK, LEADER OF THE SPACEMEN, SENT FOR SIMON ...

NO...YOU
BEEN...SO GOOD
TO SIMON
ALREADY...

I HAVE BUT ONE QUESTION
TO ASK YOU NOW, EARTHLING!
TELL ME...IS THERE ANYTHING
MORE WE CAN DO FOR YOU?



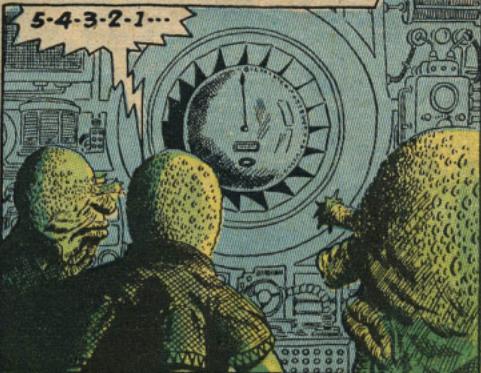
SIMON WONDERED DULLY IF HE EXPECTED
AN ANSWER! SO HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT...
THOUGHT! INTO HIS SLOW MIND CAME
MEMORIES OF THE EARTH---OF MILLER'S
GAP...OF THE
PEOPLE HE
KNEW...



AND HE REMEMBERED THE EPISODE OF THE WALLET, AND ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED...



RECALLING HOW IT HAD BEEN IN THE WORLD HE CAME FROM, SIMON HELD HIS PEACE AS THE FATAL MOMENTS TICKED PAST! IT WAS THE DEATH WATCH FOR PLANET EARTH...



---ZERO! IT IS TIME!

WAIT, THORIK!



NO---IT WASN'T SIMON WHO HAD INTERRUPTED! INSTEAD, IT WAS THE ASTRONOMER---

WHY HAVE YOU INTERRUPTED AT THIS CRUCIAL MOMENT?



I'VE JUST BUILT UP ENOUGH ATOMIC POWER FOR ANOTHER TELESCOPIC VIEW OF EARTH... A DIFFERENT VIEW! I-- I WANT YOU TO SEE WHAT I'VE PICKED UP IN THE OCULAR!

THIS TIME, IT WASN'T MILLER'S GAP, KANSAS! INSTEAD...

THIS...THIS IS A CITY---A GREAT CITY---BUILT BY A GREAT PEOPLE!



I THANK THE POWERS THAT YOU STOPPED ME FROM THROWING THAT SWITCH! WE DISCOVERED JUST IN TIME THAT THE EARTHLINGS GIVE EVERY EVIDENCE OF BEING A THINKING RACE, OF HIGH MENTAL POWERS!



WE MADE THE MISTAKE
OF ASSUMING THAT LIFE
ON EARTH WAS OF THE SAME
INTELLECTUAL LEVEL AS
THIS SPECIMEN WHOM
WE SEIZED---A SPECI-
MEN OF OBVIOUS
RETARDED
MENTALITY!
NOW WE SHALL
HAVE TO SEEK
OUT SOME
OTHER PLANET
TO TAKE OVER!

YA...
YA MEAN
VER NOT
GONNA KILL
OFF ALL THE
PEOPLE ON
EARTH?

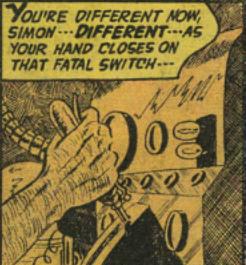
NO, SIMON... YOUR RACE
IS BEING SPARED...
THAT SWITCH WILL
NEVER BE THROWN!
AH, YOU MUST BE
HAPPY... VERY
HAPPY...

YES, POOR LITTLE
BEFuddled MAN
---SHOULdn't THIS
BE YOUR MOMENT
OF JOY? BECAUSE
YOU'RE KIND ---
WASN'T IT YOU
WHO ONCE SAID,
"FOLK'S ARE GOOD
---EVEN IF THEY
DON'T THINK SOME-
TIMES?" HAD ANY-
THING HAPPENED
WHICH CHANGED
YOU SINCE THAT
DAY? WHAT IS
THIS STRANGE
LIGHT IN YOUR
DULL EYES? WHY
ARE YOU CREEP-
ING FORWARD SO
STEALTHILY... SO
PURPOSE-
FULLY?



YOU'RE DIFFERENT NOW,
SIMON... DIFFERENT... AS
YOUR HAND CLOSES ON
THAT FATAL SWITCH...

...AS YOUR HAND THROWS THAT SWITCH... AND THE
WORLD YOU KNEW FLARES BRIGHTLY IN THE BLAZING
THROES THAT MARK ITS END!



The END!



GEE! IT MUST HAVE
TAKEN YEARS TO
LEARN TO PLAY
LIKE THAT!



NOT AT ALL! I DIDN'T KNOW
A NOTE. YET I STARTED
PLAYING WHOLE PIECES
RIGHT AWAY!

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Orchestra Leader
Got His Start

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Amazes Friends

"In a few weeks I could play several pieces. Everyone was surprised, especially friends who had had lessons for years and whom it took 6 months to a year to play simple pieces." — Mrs. E. Perry, Princeton, W. Va.



WHERE THERE'S a WILL

OLD Daniel Foster was dead—finally. It was hard for Helen, his niece, to realize that she'd never again see that snow white head cocked in a birdlike gesture, nor the way he'd bend over eagerly towards her to emphasize a point. She would miss him, she told Bob Burton, the man she was engaged to, who had come down to help her with the funeral arrangements. There'd been considerable affection between them, fostered over the years during which the girl had cared devotedly for her sick old uncle. The burden had fallen on her shoulders, despite the fact that there was a son, her cousin Stanley. But Stanley hadn't been home for a long time, since there had only existed hatred between father and son. Only now, with his father gone, had he dared put in an appearance. At first, his attitude was tentative—he was hoping that his father might perchance have left him some small bequest, rather than cut him out entirely, as he deserved. That the bulk of the rich estate would go to Helen there was no doubt. She deserved it fully for her faithfulness, and Daniel Foster had many times stated that this would be the case. And now the crowning blow had come, for no will could be found.

How Stanley's attitude had changed then! With no will, the estate went automatically to him, as son of the deceased. And all of the evil, all of the hatred buried within his mean nature came to the fore. He had always hated Helen because of his father's feeling towards her, and now there was no longer any reason for covering up. "You can hang around if you like," he told her patronizingly. "I might as well get used to handing out charity, now that I can *afford* it!" But he had made the mistake of saying that in Bob's presence, and next moment, a hard right sent him to the floor. "You can get out right now—both of you!" he blazed, struggling to his feet.

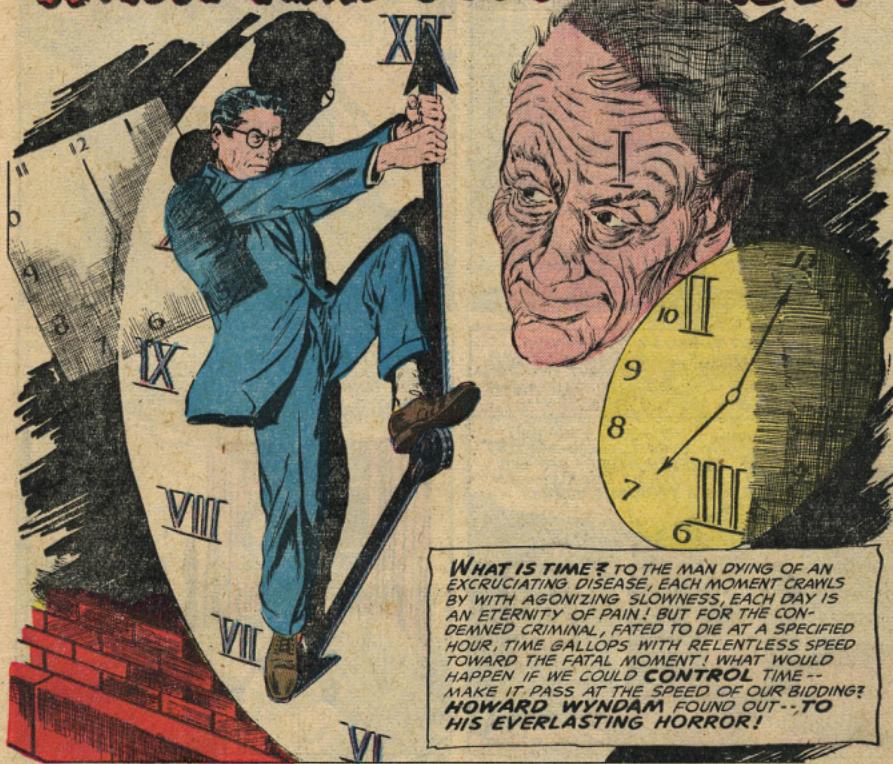
"We'll go, all right," answered Bob grimly. "But not until morning—that's the soonest we can get a cab to take us to the station!"

And then he devoted himself to comforting Helen, who was mourning for the old house that had become so dear to her, and that she must now leave. "I'll never forget it," she said brokenly. "I'll keep remembering it—and *him*, with that shock of white hair and the way he used to hold his head on one side. If—if only he'd left a will—if only he could tell me where it was—but what's the use?"

She retired then, to broken slumber. Dimly, as if from a great distance, she seemed to hear a voice calling her name, and she remembered opening her eyes, and seeming to see old Daniel Foster there, his snow white head cocked in that familiar birdlike gesture. Then he seemed to be fading away, his voice a distant echo. "Look—*old Ned*—" and that was all. She awoke in the morning to the feeling that this was the strangest dream she'd ever had. She lost no time in dressing, and she and Bob left to enter the waiting taxi. "Just one moment," said Bob. "We're not going until I see that rat Stanley and tell him just what I think of him!" They went into the library together, and Bob couldn't help noticing that the sneer on Stanley's face was almost identical with that on the face of an old ancestral portrait hanging above him. Following the direction of his eyes, Stanley laughed. "Pretty, wasn't he? Just one of my ancestors—but he sure knew how to run things in these parts! Folks used to think he was a devil—matter of fact, they used to call him *Old Ned*!"

Helen needed to hear no more. She leaped towards the portrait, took it from the wall. Nothing. But there *had* to be! Wildly, she ran her hands over the panelling. There was a click—and a panel slid open. And there, in a compartment behind the wall, were old Daniel Foster's personal papers—including his will! Yes, Stanley had been cut off with a dollar—with the rest of the wealthy estate going to Helen! There are no such things as ghosts—but sometimes dreams turn out awfully peculiarly, don't they?

WHEN TIME STOOD STILL!



WHAT IS TIME? TO THE MAN DYING OF AN EXCRUCIATING DISEASE, EACH MOMENT CRAWLS BY WITH AGONIZING SLOWNESS. EACH DAY IS AN ETERNITY OF PAIN! BUT FOR THE CONDEMNED CRIMINAL, FATED TO DIE AT A SPECIFIED HOUR, TIME GALLOPS WITH RELENTLESS SPEED TOWARD THE FATAL MOMENT! WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WE COULD CONTROL TIME -- MAKE IT PASS AT THE SPEED OF OUR BIDDING? HOWARD WYNDAM FOUND OUT -- TO HIS EVERLASTING HORROR!

PRESIDENT OF THE MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR WYNDAM WATCH CORPORATION, HOWARD WYNDAM WAS A VIGOROUS MAN IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES, A CAULDRON OF ENERGY AND PURPOSE!

LAYOUTS READY FOR APPROVAL, BOSS!

OKAY, EXCEPT FOR THE LETTERING!

HELLO? I SAID SELL AT THREE POINT EIGHT!



HE WAS ALWAYS BUSY, TOO BUSY FOR RELAXATION! AND UNDER HIS ENTHUSIASTIC GUIDANCE, THE COMPANY PROSPERED --

GENTLEMEN, IT LOOKS LIKE THIS WILL BE THE MOST LUCRATIVE YEAR IN OUR HISTORY!

WE'VE GOT YOU TO THANK FOR THAT, HOWARD!



AS THE MEETING DISPERSED--

IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, HOWARD, BUT YOU'RE KILLING YOURSELF WITH WORK! WHY NOT TAKE A LONG REST, A CRUISE, GET MARRIED? LIVE A LITTLE!

NONSENSE! LIFE'S TOO SHORT FOR FOOLING AROUND!

BUT DON'T YOU HAVE ANY OTHER INTERESTS-- HOBBIES?

I DON'T HAVE THE TIME FOR THEM! CURIOUS, ISN'T IT? I'VE MADE A FORTUNE MANUFACTURING WATCHES, AND THE ONE THING ALL MY MONEY CAN'T BUY IS A SINGLE MOMENT OF TIME!



Wyndam scanned through the evening papers swiftly as his limousine bore him home, distracted by the thought that he'd probably be late for his date that night, as usual, in his 5th Avenue mansion--

QUITE A BIT OF MAIL TODAY, SIR!

YE GODS, I HAVEN'T EVEN LOOKED AT LAST WEEK'S STUFF. LAY OUT MY TUXEDO, CHARLES--I'M IN A TERRIBLE HURRY!



IT SEEMS LIKE I DON'T HAVE TIME TO BREATHE ANYMORE! HOW I WISH I COULD JUST SIT AROUND AND READ A BOOK TONIGHT--TAKE THINGS EASY! BOY, IF ONLY I COULD BUY TIME--EVEN ONE HOUR WOULD BE PRICELESS!



AT THAT EXACT INSTANT, A STRANGE NOISE CAUSED HIM TO WHIRL THERE, BEFORE HIS ASTOUNDED EYES--

GOOD HEAVENS, SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE MATERIALIZING! I--I MUST BE GOING MAD!



PETRIFIED WITH SHOCK, WYNDAM TOLD HIMSELF IT WAS ONLY A HALLUCINATION! BUT NOW THE MATERIALIZATION WAS COMPLETE, AND A CROAKING VOICE SPOKE...

SORRY TO STARTLE YOU THIS WAY, OLD CHAP, BUT I'VE BEEN SORT OF--ER--LISTENING IN ON YOUR THOUGHTS!

I'M JUST THE MAN TO HELP YOU OUT OF YOUR PREDICAMENT!"

WH--WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHO ARE YOU?



NEVER MIND THAT! I'M GOING TO PROVE TO YOU THAT CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, TIME CAN BE BOUGHT; THAT IS, IF THE PRICE IS HIGH ENOUGH!

I--I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! ALL THIS IS ONLY MY IMAGINATION!



THE OLD MAN'S GLITTERING EYE HELD WYNDAM WEIRDLY HYPNOTIZED! SLOWLY HIS GAZE FELL ON THE CURIOUS OLD WATCH IN THE VISITOR'S WIZENED HAND . . .

HERE'S A WATCH, MR. WYNDAM, WORTH MORE THAN EVERY TIMEPIECE YOU'VE EVER MANUFACTURED! YOU SEE, THIS MECHANISM CONTROLS THE FLOW OF TIME IN THE UNIVERSE! THE TWO KNOBS CAN EITHER SLOW TIME DOWN--OR STOP IT COMPLETELY!

YOU . . . YOU'RE MAD!

AM I? THEN, WHY NOT TRY IT--AND FIND OUT! IF YOU WISH, YOU CAN SPEND WHAT WOULD ORDINARILY BE AN HOUR A DAY A YEAR--WHATEVER YOU PLEASE--IN THE NEXT TEN SECONDS, YOU NEED ONLY SLOW THE MECHANISM--OR STOP IT! HERE, TAKE IT!



WYNDAM FELT THE COLD METAL IN HIS HAND, AND THE MECHANISM THROBBING WITHIN LIKE THE BEAT OF A HUMAN HEART! FEAR AND DISBELIEF CONTENDED FIERCELY IN HIS SOUL--WHEN SUDDENLY, THE VISITOR VANISHED!



IT COULDN'T HAVE ALL BEEN IMAGINATION! AFTER ALL, THIS WATCH IS REAL ENOUGH! LET'S SEE, TEN MINUTES TO EIGHT ON MY OWN WATCH--SUPPOSE I STOP THE MECHANISM ON THIS AND READ FOR AWHILE?



DOGDEDLY, WYNDAM READ TWENTY PAGES OF THE LONG NOVEL BEFORE PERMITTING HIMSELF TO GLANCE AT HIS WRIST WATCH AGAIN! THEN, INCREDIBLY--

IT--IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! IT STILL READS TEN MINUTES TO EIGHT--AS IF NO TIME HAS PASSED! LORD, I AM CRAZY! WAIT, I CAN CHECK THIS ON TELEPHONE TIME AND THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK OUTSIDE!



TO HIS AMAZEMENT, THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK IN THE HALL HAD STOPPED AT TEN MINUTES TO EIGHT, AND WHEN HE DIALED FOR TELEPHONE TIME....

AT THE SIGNAL, THE TIME WILL BE TEN MINUTES TO EIGHT! AT THE SIGNAL, THE TIME WILL BE TEN MINUTES TO EIGHT! AT THE SIGNAL, IS IT POSSIBLE?



WYNDAM SAT DOWN AGAIN, SLOWLY, AND PROCEEDED TO READ RIGHT THROUGH THE LONG BOOK! THEN A SENSE OF WELL-BEING FLOODING OVER HIM--

AH, WHAT PLEASURE IT'S BEEN TO RELAX! NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS START TIME FLOWING AGAIN, AND I'LL BE RIGHT ON TIME FOR MY DATE WITH ALICE!



TWO HOURS LATER...

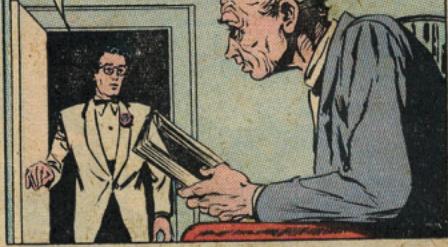
WHAT'S UP, HOWIE? HOW COME YOU'RE SO RELAXED TONIGHT? YOU'RE GENERALLY IN SUCH A HURRY!

NOT ANY MORE, BABY--I'VE GOT ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD!

THE HAPPY EVENING SEEMED TO FLY BY, AND WHEN WYNDAM RETURNED HOME...

YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT NOW?

PAYMENT, MY DEAR CHAP! NOW THAT YOU'VE PROVED I'M NO LIAR, IT'S TIME TO TALK BUSINESS!



I'LL PAY ANYTHING FOR THIS! NAME YOUR PRICE!

MY PRICE IS EVERYTHING--ALL YOUR POSSESSIONS, LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL! WE'LL SIGN THE PAPERS AT YOUR OFFICE IN THE MORNING!

ALL NIGHT LONG WYNDAM PONDERED THE MATTER, AND HIS CONCLUSION REMAINED THE SAME--THE PRICE WAS CHEAP! NEXT MORNING...

THIS IS THE BEST DEAL I'VE EVER MADE! ANYBODY CAN MAKE MONEY-- BUT NOBODY BUT ME CAN LITERALLY MAKE TIME!

EXACTLY, DEAR CHAP. WE'VE STRUCK A SATISFACTORY BARGAIN!

WYNDAM LEFT THE OFFICE WITHOUT A PENNY TO HIS NAME, BUT WITH SPIRITS SOARING! BRISKLY HE WALKED TO A BANK SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY, AN INGENIOUS PLAN ALREADY FORMED IN HIS BRAIN! THEN--

ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS STOP THE MASTER WATCH-- AND PRESTO, I'M RICH AGAIN! NOW THEN--



AT THE CLICK OF THE STOP DIAL, EVERY PERSON AND EVERY MACHINE IN THE BANK CAME TO AN ABRUPT HALT--

IT'S ACTUALLY SCARY, THE WAY THEY'RE FROZEN LIKE STATUES! WITH THIS WATCH, I'VE GOT THE POWER OF A DEITY-- EVERYTHING I WANT IS AT MY DISPOSAL!



OUTSIDE, THE SIGHT WAS EVEN MORE EERIE! THE SUN WAS MOTIONLESS IN THE SKY, THE AIR WAS ABSOLUTELY STILL, THE WHOLE WORLD LOOKED LIKE A SUDDENLY-STOPPED MOTION PICTURE--

EVEN THE BIRDS ARE FROZEN-- GRAVITY ITSELF HAS CEASED TO FUNCTION! NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS GET THIS DOUGH TO A SAFE PLACE BEFORE STARTING THINGS GOING AGAIN! I'LL MAKE BILLIONS!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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10. A Program for Developing Powerful Muscles!
11. How to Make Shadow Pictures—while Drawing
12. How to Make a Stick-Eye, Yo-Yo, Make by Throwing Shadows on Wall Using Only Fingers
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3. Let's Have a Party — a guide to successful entertaining
4. Fun Alone
5. Handicrafts Projects
6. Ride a Hobby For Fun
7. Magic for Girls
8. Fun with Fabrics — how to sew; things to make for yourself and home
9. Fun with Paper — 101 things to fold and cut from paper
10. Make Your Own Dolls
11. Games to Play Alone — mazes, puzzles, pencil games, etc.
12. Games to Play with Friends — checkers, quilts, fan-tan, etc.
13. Learn to Dance—fox-trot, waltz, lindy, rumba, conga, samba, jitterbug, etc.
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I enclose \$ _____ in payment. Send postage free.

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IT WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH, UPON BEING AWAKENED, TO STOP THE WATCH AND MOTOR THROUGH PARALYZED STREETS TO THE GOLF COURSE! ONCE THERE...

NO MORE WAITING TO TEE OFF! NO MORE WAITING FOR THE SLOW FOURSOME UP AHEAD! MAN, THIS IS **LIVING!** LET'S SEE, THE BUTLER SAID IT WAS 7:00 AM WHEN HE WENT TO DRAW MY BATH--



AFTER 18 BRISK HOLES, WYNDAM DROVE BACK TO HIS HOME, TOOK OFF HIS CLOTHES, GOT BACK INTO HIS PAJAMAS AGAIN, AND--

I FEEL **GREAT** THIS MORNING, CHARLES! BY THE WAY, WHAT TIME IS IT?

WHY, I JUST TOLD YOU, SIR. **SEVEN O'CLOCK!**



OH, IT WAS ALL WONDERFUL, AND HE HAD EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR! OUT OF SHEER HAPPINESS, HE GAVE A **HUGE BALL**--

AH THERE, WYNDAM, YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE **ME** HERE, DID YOU?

YOU AGAIN, EH? WELL, YOU ARE A SURPRISE, BUT I'M GLAD YOU CAME! AFTER ALL, I **DO** OWE EVERYTHING TO YOU!



THEN YOU'RE **SATISFIED** WITH OUR LITTLE BARGAIN? GOOD! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BEGIN TO **WORRY**. YOU'RE NOT **LOOKING** TOO WELL, YOU KNOW!

I-I'VE BEEN A BIT **TIRIED** LATELY-- GUESS IT'S ALL THIS EXCITEMENT! BUT WHAT ABOUT **YOU**? YOU LOOK **TEN YEARS YOUNGER**!



AS THE EVENING WORE ON, HE GREW UNBEARABLY FATIGUED...

GOING TO BED SO EARLY, SIR? WHAT ABOUT THE GUESTS?

THEY WON'T MISS ME! I... I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP--I'M **EXHAUSTED**! DON'T WAKE ME TILL NOON TOMORROW, CHARLES...

IT SEEMED TO WYNDAM THAT HIS HEAD HAD BARELY TOUCHED THE PILLOW WHEN...

12:15, SIR... YOU'VE HAD A LONG SLEEP!

MUH? GOOD HEAVENS, IT CAN'T BE NOON ALREADY! I FEEL AS IF I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK!



WYNDAM STAGGERED TO THE MIRROR AND SCRUTINIZED HIS FEATURES! TO HIS HORROR...

I-I SEEM TO HAVE AGED A **DECADE** THESE PAST WEEKS! THESE LINES IN MY FACE--THESE **GREY HAIRS**! I... I'M GOING TO SEE A DOCTOR RIGHT NOW!



AFTER A COMPLETE EXAMINATION...

YOU'RE JUST OVERTIRED, MR. WYNDAM--OBVIOUSLY YOU HAVEN'T BEEN GETTING ENOUGH SLEEP LATELY!

BUT I'VE BEEN GETTING PLENTY OF SLEEP! THERE'S SOMETHING VERY STRANGE GOING ON--AND TO ONE IT'S THAT WATCH!

CHECKING HIS SUSPICION AT ODD MOMENTS FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY AND PART OF THE NIGHT, HE FINALLY DISCOVERED THE HIDEOUS TRUTH--

SO THAT'S IT! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE MECHANISM--IT'S RUNNING VERY FAST AT NIGHT! NO WONDER I'VE BEEN TIRED AND AGING SO FAST!

NEXT MORNING, WYNDAM RACED TO HIS FORMER FACTORY, WHERE THE NEW OWNER OCCUPIED THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE! HE WAS TOO AGITATED TO NOTICE THE REMARKABLY YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE OF THE MAN AS HE POURED OUT HIS COMPLAINT--

AFTER ALL, DEAR CHAP, ALL MECHANISMS ARE SUBJECT TO DISTURBANCES--FIXING THIS ONE WILL COST YOU PLENTY--YOUR WHOLE FORTUNE AGAIN!



IN THE FEW DAYS WHICH PASSED BEFORE THE WATCH WAS REPAIRED, WYNDAM'S FACE BECAME SEAMED, WRINKLED! AS IF HE'D AGED 20 YEARS!

WELL, HERE'S NEVER HAVE LISTENED TO YOU! LOOK AT ME, OLD BEFORE MY TIME! AND YOU--MADE SOME ADJUSTMENTS!

I--I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LISTENED TO YOU! LOOK AT ME, OLD BEFORE MY TIME! AND YOU--GETTING YOUNGER EVERY DAY!

IT WAS EASY GETTING ANOTHER FORTUNE, BUT WYNDAM COULD NO LONGER ENJOY ANYTHING! POSSESSING THE DIABOLICAL WATCH WAS LIKE HAVING A TIGER BY THE TAIL! HE COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT FOR FEAR IT WOULD COMMENCE RUNNING FAST AGAIN, AND TO STOP IT COMPLETELY MIGHT THROW IT OFF EVEN FURTHER! SO HE STARTED CARRYING IT AROUND WITH HIM, GLANCING AT IT REPEATEDLY TO CHECK ITS SPEED AGAINST HIS WRIST WATCH...



WE'D BETTER NOT MEET ANY MORE, HOWARD! YOU'VE GOTTEN OLD, YOU'RE GROUCHY--AND FOREVER GLANCING AT THAT WATCH!

WHY?

YOU--WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!



LIFE BECAME A LIVING DEATH FOR WYNDAM. HE BROODED CONSTANTLY, ALWAYS INTENTLY AWARE OF THE PASSAGE OF TIME! HE WAS ALWAYS TIRED NOW...

DON'T--WAKE ME--IN THE MORNING, CHARLES! I MUST REST--

VERY GOOD, SIR--YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING POORLY!



THE QUEER, INCESSANT CHIMING OF THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK OUTSIDE HIS DOOR FINALLY WOKE WYNDAM THE NEXT DAY! BUT DESPITE HIS LONG REST, HE WAS FEARFULLY GROGGY, ALMOST TOO TIRED TO MOVE! AND WHEN HE CHANGED TO GLANCE AT HIS HAND--



BONG!
BONG!
BONG!

IT'S OLD, WIZENED--LIKE AN OCTOGENARIAN!--OH, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT CLOCK--WHY DOES IT KEEP CHIMING?

CHIMING---AS IF THE HOURS
ARE FLYING BY! AND THE WAY
IT GETS DARK AND LIGHT IN
HERE--WHY?



THE SUN--IT'S MOVING
ACROSS THE SKY AT
TERRIFIC SPEED! OH, NO--
NO! THE WATCH MUST
BE OUT OF CONTROL!



ON AGED, SPINDLY LEGS, HE TOTTERED
TO THE WALL SAFE, WHIRLING OUT
THE COMBINATION WITH TREMBLING
HANDS TO THE WILD RATTLING OF
THE CHIMES AND THE ALTERNATING
DARK AND LIGHT COMING FROM THE
SUN WHICH ROSE AND SET LIKE A
YO-YO! HIS WORST FEARS PROVED
RIGHT--THE ACCURSED WATCH'S
HANDS WERE A MERE BLUR AS THEY
WHIRLED FURIOUSLY AROUND THE
DIAL...

I--I CAN'T STOP IT! THE
KNOB IS STUCK! I'M AGING EVERY
SECOND--MY STRENGTH IS
DRAINING--THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO DO!



THERE! THAT'S THE END OF IT!
I'M FREE OF ITS EVIL POWER
AT LAST! AH, THE CHIMING'S
STOPPED, AND IT'S REMAINING
DAYLIGHT OUTSIDE!



HE DRESSED SLOWLY, WONDER-
ING WHY THE BUTLER HAD NOT
RESPONDED TO HIS CALL! DOWN-
STAIRS, TO HIS HORROR, HE
LEARNED WHY!



IN THE PETRIFIED STREETS, THE GRISLY
TRUTH WAS CONFIRMED! MEN AND
WOMEN STOOD TRANSFIXED, BIRDS
HUNG MOTIONLESS IN MIDAIR, AND
THE SUN WAS FROZEN IN THE HEAVENS...



IT'S--YOU!
YOU'VE
GOT TO
HELP ME!
PLEASE!

SORRY, YOU'VE SMASHED THE
WATCH BEYOND REPAIR--AND
YOU'VE CONDEMNED YOURSELF TO
WANDER ABOUT THIS WAY ETERNAL-
LY! I SUPPOSE NOW'S THE TIME TO
TELL YOU WHO I AM--WELL, DEAR
FELLOW, HAVEN'T YOU EVER WONDERED
HOW SATAN KEEPS YOUNG? IT'S
BY ROBBING YEARS FROM GREEDY
PEOPLE LIKE YOU! AND NOW--
FAREWELL, FOREVER!

THE DEMON STROLLED AWAY BRISKLY, WHILE
WYNDAM STARED IN HORRIFIED DISBELIEF! THEN
HE BEGAN TO SHRIEK, WILDLY, INSANELY...



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EDITOR



HELLO there, each and every one of you! Guess there's nobody we like to meet up with more than you, our readers, so come in and make yourselves comfortable! No need telling you to make yourselves at home, because this is the regular meeting of the countless thousands of fans of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*," and you belong! The project for this session is to explain to our readers just what the process of putting out our magazine consists of. This project was launched out of an argument between two of our fans. One insisted it was simple—merely a series of pictures interspersed with balloons. The other contended that to come up with so fascinating a publication as ours was clearly a superhuman endeavor! Perhaps the true answer to the question might be found somewhere between these two divergent viewpoints—so here goes with a short briefing on a day in the life of an editor of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*!"

The editor deals with known writers, possessed of skill and imagination. They submit to him a short synopsis of whatever story they may have in mind, and, at a "story conference," the idea is discussed and amplified if the editor deems it acceptable. Editorial suggestions are made for its improvement, and the writer then proceeds to the preparation of a "shooting script." This breaks the story down page by page and panel by panel, setting forth full instructions to the artist regarding the illustrations which he must draw, and indicating the dialogue. When the editor receives the completed script, he reads it over carefully, editing it to clear it of all possible errors of any type. He then selects the artist whose drawing style seems best for the story involved, and assigns it to him. The artist does the job in pencil form. The "roughs" are then assigned to a letterer, who inserts the necessary title, dialogue and captions. The lettered pencils then go back to the original artist, who inks it in. The completed job is looked over and proofread, then sent to the

engraver, who returns smaller page facsimiles called "silverprints," which are hand colored as a guide to what colors are to be employed in making up engraving plates and final printing. The last job, at least as far as the editor is concerned, is to select the strips which will go into any particular issue, and combine them into a "dummy" for the engraver's guidance. Oh, there are many other incidental jobs, such as the reading of color proofs, etc., but you begin to get the idea that there's plenty to the job of putting out such a book as ours! But—it's worth it! Out of it emerges a finished issue of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*"—an issue like this one, which we hope you go for! "*The World That Was*" is a fascinating story that'll hold you 'breathless—and "*End of the Line*" is tense and gripping throughout. "*When Time Stood Still*" is a yarn which packs a punch from beginning to end—and "*The Visitor*" shows a skillful combination of fine plot and excellent illustration.

It is stories like these, we believe, that are responsible for a flood of enthusiastic mail from our readers. Space limitations in this issue only allow us to bring you a couple of them, but here they are!

Send in *your letter!* Address it to The Editor, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

"Dear Editor:—

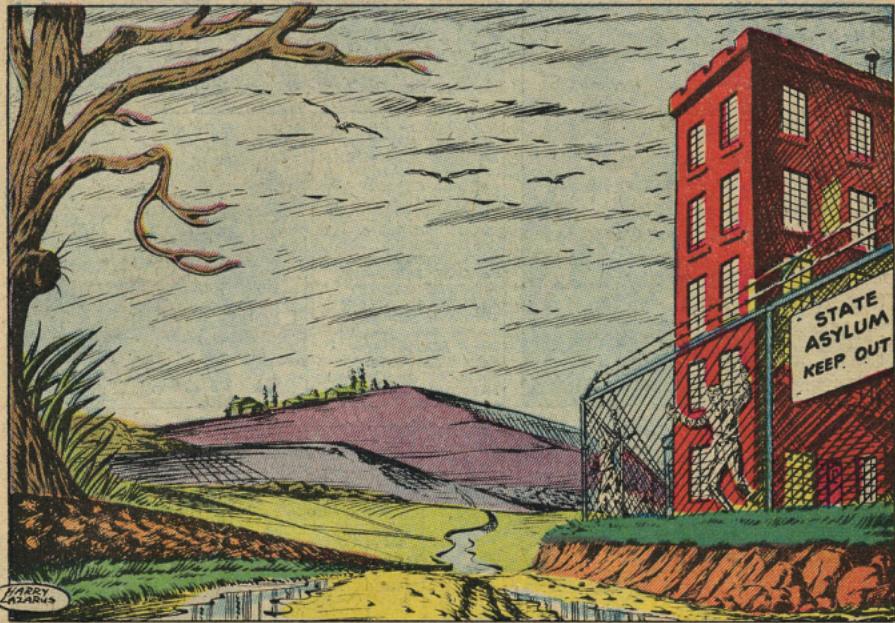
I think that "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" is the best comics magazine around. I've been a faithful reader and fan since first I saw it two years ago. It's got that certain something guaranteed to bring folks back for more! Keep up the fine work!
—A/B Melvin T. Rostie, Sampson A.F. Base
Geneva, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

I've always liked the stories in "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" and will always read 'them. Some of your plots should be best-sellers—they're appealing and just about superb! Congratulations for your splendid work—keep it up and you'll be hearing more from me!

—William Sims, Winnipeg, Canada"

THE VISITOR!



HARRY LAZARUS

IT'S A STIFLING, EERILY QUIET NIGHT IN MIDSUMMER, THE KIND OF NIGHT THAT SEEMS TO BE HOLDING ITS BREATH, LISTENING, WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN! THE NIGHT IS OVERCAST, WITHOUT STARS, GREY AND MUFTIED AS AN OWL'S WING, AND FROM ACROSS THE VALLEY, A MILE AWAY, RISE THE CHORUSED HOWLS OF THE INMATES IN THE COUNTY ASYLUM--THE SOARING, HIGH-PITCHED HOWLS YOU OFTEN HEAR WHEN THE WEATHER IS ABOUT TO CHANGE FOR THE WORSE--AND YOU REMEMBER THE SUPERSTITION THAT MADMEN CAN SOMETIMES FORETELL LIFE'S UGLIER SURPRISES...

FROM THE OPEN WINDOW YOU HEAR THE RADIO TURNED DOWN LOW, THE GHOSTLY STRAINS OF A DANCE ORCHESTRA MERGING WITH THE HOWLS IN AN UNREAL MEDLEY LAMENT! YOU PACE THE GARDEN AND MOP YOUR FACE, WISHING FOR RAIN, STORM, ANYTHING TO RELIEVE THE NIGHT OF THE INVISIBLE SHROUD IN WHICH IT SMOOTHERS...

EVEN FOR JULY,
THERE'S NEVER BEEN
A NIGHT LIKE IT--
I'LL BET ON
THAT!

ALL AT ONCE, WITHOUT KNOWING IT, YOU'RE ON GUARD--AND THOSE DISTANT WAILS ARE DROWNED OUT BY WHAT SEEMS TO BE A GIGANTIC SIGH...

CAN'T
SEEM TO
PLACE IT!
WHERE'S
IT COMING
FROM?



IN THE NEXT SECOND THAT SIGH HAS MOUNTED IN A ROARING RUSH OF AIR, A BATTERING WIND THAT NEARLY HURLS YOU OFF YOUR FEET AS IT SWOOPS OVER THE GARDEN...



SOMEWHERE CLOSE YOU HEAR A TREE CRASH, AND YOU CLING TO THE TRELLIS AS THAT RUSH OF AIR FLATTENS THE TATTERED PLANTS AND SLAMS LIKE A HAND AGAINST THE SHUTTERS...

COUPLE MORE MINUTES OF THIS -- AND THAT HOUSE IS A GONER!



BUT THEN, AS SWIFTLY AS IT CAME, THE WIND ABRUPTLY DIES -- AND WITH IT ALL OTHER MOTION SEEMS SUDDENLY STRICKEN! NOW THE NIGHT AIR IS EVEN CLOSER AND QUIETER THAN BEFORE: YOU HAVE A VAGUE, UNEASY FEELING OF ACTUAL PHYSICAL HEAVINNESS IN THE ATMOSPHERE, AS IF YOU'RE SURROUNDED ALMOST ENCLOSED BY SOMETHING VAST AND FRIGHTENING...



YOU TRY TO SHAKE THE FEELING OFF, BUT WHEN THAT EERIE, FOREBODING HOWL SOUNDS AGAIN YOU KNOW YOU'RE TREMBLING! YOU TURN TOWARD THE HOUSE WHERE LIGHTS AND MUSIC WILL BLOT OUT THIS NAMELESS FEAR, AND AS YOU TURN YOU GET THE SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE...



SOMEONE IS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY, SOMEONE SHADOWED, AND HIS EYES ARE GLEAMING THROUGH THE MUDDY DARK!

IS THAT ANYONE I KNOW? WHY DOESN'T HE SPEAK?



THE WILD, YELPING CHORUS FROM THE ASYLUM SUDDENLY CEASES-- AND YOU BLURT OUT THE QUESTION YOU DREAD TO ASK! HE ANSWERS IN GUTTURAL TONES...



TONIGHT YOU HAVE A VISITOR, UNINVITED! YOU MOVE CLOSER AND WHEN YOU SEE HIS FACE YOU KNOW IT'S EVIL, EVIL BEYOND MEASURING!



HE MOVES TO MEET YOU AND YOU FIND YOURSELF STOPPING SHORT, READY TO LEAP BACK, WHEN HE SAYS...

YOU'RE AFRAID OF ME! YOU THINK I'M EVIL!

H-HOW'D YOU KNOW?

HOW DOES HE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING? AN ACCIDENT, A WEIRD FLUKE THAT IS PART OF THIS OMINOUSLY HAUNTED NIGHT? BUT YOU KNOW IT ISN'T WHEN HE SAYS...

I WAS--BUT I THINK I CAN TAKE A GUESS!

YOU'RE WONDERING WHERE I COME FROM!



A GUESS IS AS CLOSE AS YOU WILL GET, BECAUSE HE WON'T TELL YOU! HE MERELY GIVES YOU A SMILE THAT SEEMS TO CONVEY THAT TONIGHT SOMEONE HAS BEEN OUTWITTED AND CAUGHT OFF GUARD--AND THIS TIME YOU DON'T THINK YOUR SUSPICIONS! THIS TIME YOU FEEL THEM, CREEPING ICILY UP YOUR SPINE...

YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR WHO MUSTN'T BE ANTAGONIZED UNTIL YOU CAN GET RID OF HIM, AND TO GET RID OF HIM YOU'VE GOT TO BE NEAR THE PHONE!

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TRAP ME?

OF COURSE NOT! W-WHY SHOULD I?

THERE ARE A LOT OF US! DIDN'T YOU HEAR US?

THEN HE MUST BE A LUNATIC--A DANGEROUS ESCAPED LUNATIC!



YOUR HEART IS RACING AS YOU REACH FOR THAT PHONE--HOPING TO LEAVE IT OFF THE HOOK, HOPING THE OPERATOR WILL HEAR ENOUGH SNATCHES OF THIS ODD CONVERSATION AND FLASH AN ALARM...

THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT THING?



THIS IS ONE VISITOR YOU MUSTN'T TRY TO CATCH NAPPING! HE FIXES YOU WITH THAT DEADLY STARE AND CROAKS--

PUT IT BACK!



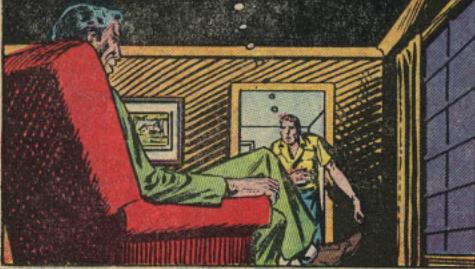
GETTING RID OF HIM WON'T BE SO EASY, BECAUSE NOW THAT HE'S MASTERED YOU, HE SHOWS GUARDED INTEREST IN YOUR TV SET, THE AIR CONDITIONING, AND EVEN THE INDIRECT LIGHTING--ALL OF WHICH CONFIRMS YOUR HUNCH...

NATURALLY, HE'S NEVER SEEN THESE THINGS! THEY DON'T EXIST IN ASYLUMS!



NOW HE IS SEATED, NOT SAYING ANYTHING, BUT WATCHING YOU WITH A FLICKER OF CONTEMPT...

HE'LL BE IN NO HURRY TO LEAVE! I--I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL STAND IT!



BUT YOU WON'T HAVE TO STAND IT TOO LONG, AND YOU'RE CONVINCED THAT WHEN HE DOES LEAVE, YOU WON'T BE ALIVE! WHAT CAN YOU SAY TO WIN HIM OVER DIM THE INHUMAN MALICE IN THOSE EYES LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE A DESPERATE BID FOR SURVIVAL? NOTHING...

WHY DO I FEEL SO HORRIBLY ALONE? IT'S AS IF THE HOUSE, THE NIGHT, EVERYTHING IS IN LEAGUE WITH HIM!



SWEAT TRICKLES DOWN YOUR FACE IN A PANIC AND HE'S WATCHING, EVILLY WATCHING AS YOU EDGE CRABWISE TOWARD THE KITCHEN...

I'M GETTING-- A GLASS OF-- WATER!



WHEN YOUR SHAKING HAND GROPS OUT HE UNDOUBTEDLY KNOWS SOONER THAN YOU DO THAT YOU'RE REACHING FOR A WEAPON. BECAUSE IN ONE SURPRISING LEAP HE'S BESIDE YOU! HIS BREATH HAS A SNARLING RASP AND HE'S REACHING OUT HIMSELF...

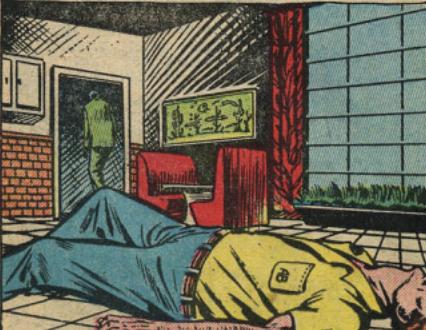


YOU WERE RIGHT--THIS IS NO NORMAL MAN! THAT AWFUL STRENGTH--YOU BATTLE AGAINST IT FUTILELY, KNOWING THIS IS THE END...

FOOLISH, PITIFUL CREATURE! DID YOU THINK TO DEFEAT ME?



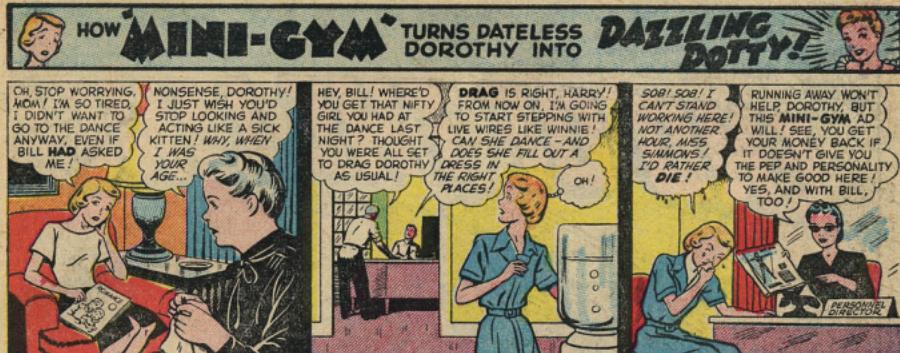
AS YOU LIE THERE WITH EBBING HEARTBEAT, YOU HAVE A DOUBT THAT'S EVEN MORE HIDEOUS THAN DYING, A DOUBT THAT YOUR VISITOR WAS AN ESCAPED LUNATIC WITH A MADMAN'S SINISTER GIFT OF READING MINDS...



BECAUSE NOW, IN THESE LAST SECONDS OF YOUR LIFE, YOU HEAR THAT SWIFT AND TERRIFYING ROAR AGAIN--AND YOU'RE NO LONGER SURE WHETHER IT'S THE WIND--OR A SPACESHIP!



THE END



It's Fun Gaining a Glamorous Figure . . . NEW • EASY • EXCITING **'MINI-GYM'** Way!

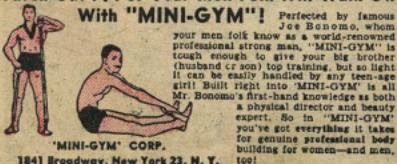
For a real thrill—wait 'till you get your eager hands (yes, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's new magic 'MINI-GYM' home exercises! Even though you always hated exercise before, with Mr. Bonomo's big, new personal instruction book and 'MINI-GYM,' you'll revel in it! And revel still more in the ravishing figure 'MINI-GYM' helps you develop. All in such a short time, too!



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Mr. Bonomo's
New Personal
Instruction
Book

Every thrill-packed page written for you by Joe Bonomo, International beauty and fitness development authority, this big, 64-page book in 2 colors, gives you a complete Figure Glamour Developing Course Fun-to-follow text, 96 specially posed photos, charts: Size 5 1/2" x 8 1/2".

Watch Out . . . or Your Men-Folk Will Walk Off With "MINI-GYM"!



'MINI-GYM' CORP.
1941 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

Gals! Get Hep to Happiness
Health—and Real Glamour
with JOE BONOMO'S
New Magic DeLuxe
'MINI-GYM' Formerly \$4.95
Our Special Price \$3.95
COMPLETE

POSITIVE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Yes, it means just that! Order your 'MINI-GYM' today. Use it, enjoy it for 10 exciting days. If you're not satisfied in every way—in fact, delighted—just return 'MINI-GYM,' and your money will be instantly refunded!



**SEND NO MONEY! MAIL
'NO RISK' COUPON NOW!**

**'MINI-GYM' CORP. Dept. L-11
1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.**

PLEASE RUSH ME one complete 'MINI-GYM' MODEL . . . with 64-page Bonomo Course Book. I will deposit \$3.95, plus postage, with payment, and am entitled to a refund if I may return 'MINI-GYM' and Book within 10 days for full refund.

NAME Print Plainly Please

STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

I enclose \$3.95. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee. (Canadian and Foreign Orders, \$4.95. Cash with order.)

Order Test
'MINI-GYM'
by Model
S, M, or L

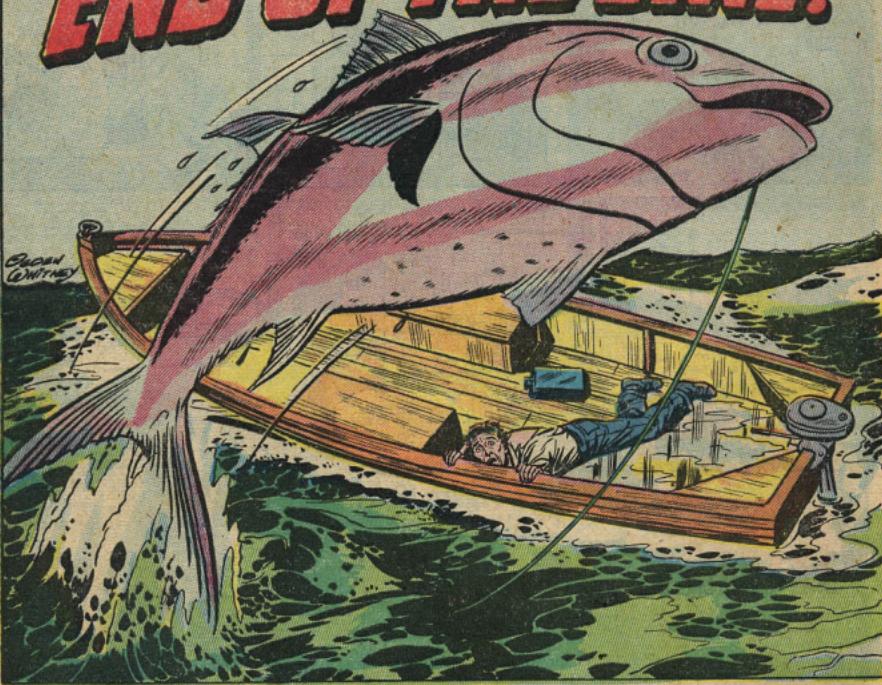
Model S
 If you are 5 ft. tall
under 8 ft. tall

Model M
 If you are 5 ft. to 8 ft.
10 in. tall

Model L
 If you are
over 5 ft. to 10
in. tall

THE GULF OF MEXICO IS ONE THOUSAND SALTY, SCORCHING MILES ACROSS, AND YOU'RE RIGHT THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF IT, LULLED TO A GLAZY-EYED STUPOR IN THESE LAST MOMENTS OF YOUR LIFE AS THE OPEN BOAT ROCKS YOU TOWARD ETERNITY ON THE CALM GREEN SEA! A GREEN SEA, A BRIGHT GREEN SEA THE COLOR OF THE MONEY YOU TRY TO FORGET, BECAUSE IT'S FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS YOU'LL NEVER SPEND, NOW THAT YOU'RE BOBBING SLOWLY TOWARD...

The END OF THE LINE!



YOU SPROUT IN THE THWARTS STARING AT THE WATER WITH THE IDIOTY OF A LIFE DRAINING OUT, AND YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO MOVE WHEN A TEASING WAVE SPLASHES A HUNDRED AGONIES OVER THE BLISTERED RAWNESS OF YOUR BODY...



YOU'LL NEVER SAIL IN THE "CAJUN" AGAIN, WHICH IS WHAT YOU PLANNED, AND YOU'LL NEVER COLLECT THAT FIFTY THOUSAND, WHICH IS WHAT YOU DIDN'T PLAN! AND NOW THAT YOU'RE SUFFICIENTLY GONE TO THINK IT'S FUNNY, YOUR LEATHERY LIPS CRACK WHEN YOU TRY TO LAUGH...



SUDDENLY YOU SEE IT--FLOATING WHITE BELLY UP JUST BELOW THE SURFACE...



NOW YOUR SALT-ENCRUSTED EYES OPEN WIDER AND YOUR SCORCHED LIMBS MOVE FASTER THAN THEY HAVE FOR DAYS, AND YOU MOAN AS YOUR HAND CLAWS TOWARD THAT DEAD FISH BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO KEEP YOU ALIVE...



YOU WERE VERY MUCH ALIVE THREE DAYS AGO... OR WAS IT FOUR... OR FORTY? THERE'S NO USE THINKING ABOUT IT AS YOUR TREMBLING HAND CLOSES ON THE COOL SLIMNESS OF THAT DEAD FISH, BECAUSE OTHER DAYS DON'T MATTER -- THEY'RE AS DONE AND FINISHED AS THE "CAJUN" THOSE DAYS THAT WILL DIE WITH YOU...



BUT THEN YOU WERE FAR FROM FINISHED, YOU WERE VERY MUCH ALIVE, AS YOU SWUNG SILENTLY DOWN INTO THE LAUNCH AND WATCHED THE "CAJUN" SETTLE...



THE LAUNCH DRIFTED SLOWLY AND THE "CAJUN" SETTLED FAST--BECAUSE YOU HAD OPENED HER SEA VALVES AND TONS OF WATER WERE GEYSERING INTO HER HOLD...



SHE WAS GOING UNDER... GOING UNDER BEFORE MANUEL AND CHICO HAD TIME FOR MORE THAN A SINGLE YELL WHEN THEY FOUND THEIR BUNKS AWASH...



THERE WAS A FINAL SCREECH OF STEAM FROM THE FLOODED BOILERS, AND THEN ANOTHER SOUND ROCKETED TO THE STARS -- THE MOURNFUL CATERWAIL OF SHIFTLESS SAILORS TOO DEEP IN THEIR CUPS TO REALIZE...



IT'S FRIGHTENING TO WATCH A SHIP IN HER LAST SWIFT GLIDE VANISH INTO THE FOREVER-HIDDEN DEEP... AND IT'S EVEN MORE FRIGHTENING TO WATCH TWO MEN SPINNING DIZZILY IN THE WHIRLPOOL, STRUGGLING TO KEEP THEMSELVES FROM BEING SUCKED UNDER AND SINGING THEIR HEADS OFF...



BUT REALIZATION CAME TO THEM AT THE LAST--AND GROPING BLINDLY FOR ANY OBJECT THAT WOULD HOLD THEM UP, THEY CHANCED ON THE ONE THING THAT STRUCK YOUR SARCASTIC HUMOR...



YOU'RE LAUGHING BECAUSE WHAT MANUEL AND CHICO ARE CLUTCHING IN THEIR FRENZY IS THE ROPE--THE ROPE THAT'S FAST TO A VESSEL THAT'S PLUNGING TO THE BOTTOM! FOR A SECOND THEY SKIM THE SURFACE LIKE FLYING FISH--AND THEN THAT SONG CHOKES OFF AS THEY'RE DRAWN UNDER--AT THE END OF THE LINE!



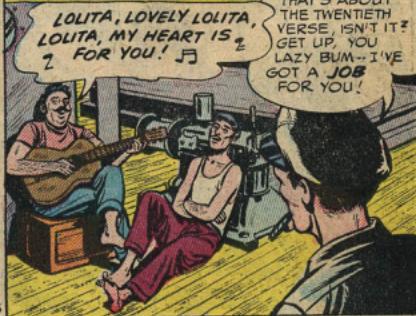
THAT FIXES 'EM--AND GOOD RIDDANCE! I'VE TOLERATED THOSE TWO FOR EIGHT YEARS AND PAID 'EM WELL WHILE WE WERE RUNNING CONTRABAND ACROSS THE GULF! BUT NOW THAT TRADE'S FALLEN OFF, THE SHIP'S A LIABILITY--AND TWO STUPID, CARELESS DECK HANDS JUST DON'T COUNT!



NOW THE 'CAJUN'S' FORLORN LITTER DRIFTS SLOWLY PAST YOU, CRACKER BOXES AND A PAIR OF CANVAS SHOES AND SNAPSHOTS OF TAWNY MEXICAN GIRLS--AND WHEN YOU SEE CHICO'S GUITAR YOU CAN'T RESIST A SMILE...



NOW EVERYTHING'S PEACEFUL AND IN THE FLAMINGO-PINK SUNRISE YOU CAN TAKE YOUR TIME BEFORE YOU START THE MOTOR AND CHUG ACROSS THE GULF! YOU REMEMBER THAT CHICO WAS PLAYING THAT GUITAR LAST NIGHT, BRAVING LIKE A LOVE-SICK BURRO OVER THE CREAKING SLOSH OF THE 'CAJUN'S' RUSTED KEEL...



IT'S OKAY RISKING A SMUGGLING RAP--BUT I'M NOT GOING TO PILE A **VIOLATION OF THE MARINE CODE** ON TOP OF IT! THE CODE SAYS THAT A POWER LIFEBOAT MUST BE MAINTAINED WITH THREE DAYS' FUEL AND RATIONS--**SO GET UP OFF YOUR TAIL AND SEE TO IT!**

THEN YOU WENT TO YOUR CABIN FOR A SNOOZE, NOW THAT CHICO WAS TOO BUSY TO STRUM THAT BLASTED GUITAR! YOU HAD EVERYTHING FIGURED AND YOU WANTED ALL THE REST YOU COULD GET BEFORE IT HAPPENED...

TOMORROW NIGHT WILL BE A GOOD TIME! WE'LL BE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GULF--NO MOON--NO CHANCE OF ANY SHIPS FOULING THINGS UP WITH A RESCUE!



YOU THOUGHT CHICO WAS LOADING THE SUPPLIES YOU'D NEED--BUT HE **WASN'T!** STUPID, CARELESS CHICO HAD JUST STOLEN A BOTTLE OF VERY CHOICE LIQUOR, AND NOW HE WAS SQUATTING IN THE WELL OF THE SHIP PLAYING CARDS WITH MANUEL...



NOW THEY'RE BOTH DEAD, THAT MUTE GUITAR IS DRIFTING BY, AND YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GULF IN AN OPEN BOAT--A BOBBING OPEN BOAT WITH AN **EMPTY LOCKER**...



A PITCHING, LIFELESS BOAT WITH A DRY TANK...



...AND YOU TRY NOT TO SWEAT BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THAT WATER! YOU'RE GOING TO NEED EVERY DROP OF MOISTURE IN YOUR PANIC-SICK CARCASS DURING THOSE MERCILESS DAYS AHEAD, **ADRIFT IN THE GULF**...

FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILES TO GALVESTON... FIVE HUNDRED SOME-OOD MILES TO VERA CRUZ... AND NOTHING... NOTHING--NOT EVEN OARS!



ADRIFT HOW LONG? THREE DAYS--FOUR DAYS--WHAT DOES IT MATTER NOW WHEN YOU'RE EDGING TOWARD YOUR LAST DAY?

WATER! WATER! PLEASE, GIVE ME SOME WATER!



AND NOW A SMALL BOAT TOSSES ON AN EMPTY SEA... AND THE EMPTY HORIZON MOCKS YOU, THE SUN SEEMS TO JEER AS IT BURNS, BURNS DOWN ON YOU...



YOU TRY TO PROP YOURSELF UP AND YOUR HEAT-SEARED BODY SHUDDERS WITH PAIN... BUT THAT'S NOTHING TO THE AGONY THAT STABS THROUGH YOU WHEN YOU SIGHT THOSE TUNA BOATS...



FOUR OF THEM LOW ON THE HEAT-SHIMMERED HORIZON, TOO BUSY WITH TUNA TO NOTICE YOUR OPEN BOAT, TOO TAKEN UP WITH FLAPPING FINS AND LOST TACKLE TO REALIZE THAT BLACK SPOT ON THE WINKING WAVES IS CLOSE TO THE END OF THE LINE...



THEY'VE BROUGHT IN THEIR FISH AND SLOWLY YOU WATCH THEM GO, AND WHILE YOU HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH STRENGTH LEFT TO SOB, YOU CAN FEEL YOUR NERVES TWANG -- TWANG JUST LIKE A GUITAR...

HEADING AWAY!
TO BROWNSVILLE... CORPUS
CRISTI... GALVESTON...
PLACES WITH TAP
WATER! PLACES WITH
BIG SPLASHING SINKS!



YOU LEAN OVER THE GUNWALE WITH YOUR CRUSTY FIERY EYES WATCHING THE GREEN WATER SLOPE INTO GALAXIES OF SHIMMERING BUBBLES, FIFTY THOUSAND BUBBLES THAT HAVE BURST BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO SPEND THEM...



YOU'RE ROCKED, ROCKED INTO THE KIND OF PEACE THAT FLUTTERS DOWN WHEN ALL HOPE'S GONE, ALL HOPE EXCEPT THE THOUGHT OF SINKING SOON INTO THAT GREEN WATER, GOING GENTLY DOWN, GENTLY OFF THE END OF THE LINE...



THEN SUDDENLY YOU'RE PANTING, SLAVERING, SCREECHING LIKE A SEAGULL WITH THAT DEAD FISH IN YOUR HAND...

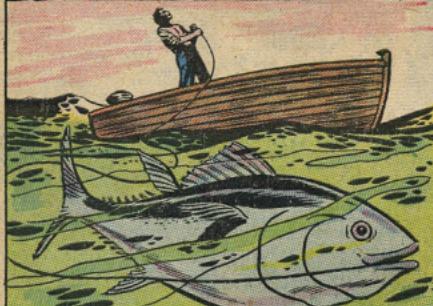


BUT NOW YOU REMEMBER THAT THEY'RE DEAD...AND THE FISH IS YOURS, ALL YOURS! YOU PAUSE A MOMENT TO TEAR AWAY SOMETHING ON WHICH IT SEEMS CAUGHT, THEN WOLF IT DOWN...

FOOD...AND THE JUICES OF ITS BODY...LIKE WATER! I'M GOING TO LIVE...LIVE!



YOU SCREAM AND TUG AT THAT LINE, KNOWING YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF IT BECAUSE TUNA BOATS USE GANG LINES! GANG LINES WITH A NUMBER OF HOOKS FIFTY FEET APART, AND THIS ONE IS LOST TACKLE BECAUSE THERE'S A TUNA SKIMMING THROUGH THE WATER AND THE TWO OF YOU ARE HOOKED TOGETHER...



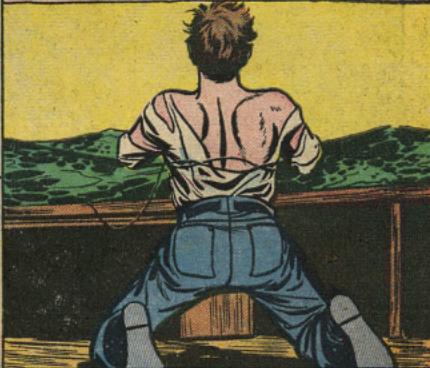
IT'S A LOT LIKE MANUEL AND CHICO ON THAT ROPE, BUT THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT LAUGHING! YOU'RE HOOKED TOGETHER, AND YOU LEAP TOGETHER, HIGH AND WIDE AND FIFTY FEET APART...



YOU FEEL A SLIGHT TWITCH, AND LOOK DOWN...AND YOUR EYES WIDEN IN HORROR! THAT SOMETHING YOU'D TORN FROM THE FISH'S BODY BEFORE YOU SWALLOWED IT...IT WAS A HOOK! AND NOW IT'S CAUGHT IN YOUR CLOTHING...CAUGHT TIGHT! THE FISH...IT HAD BEEN TUNA BAIT!



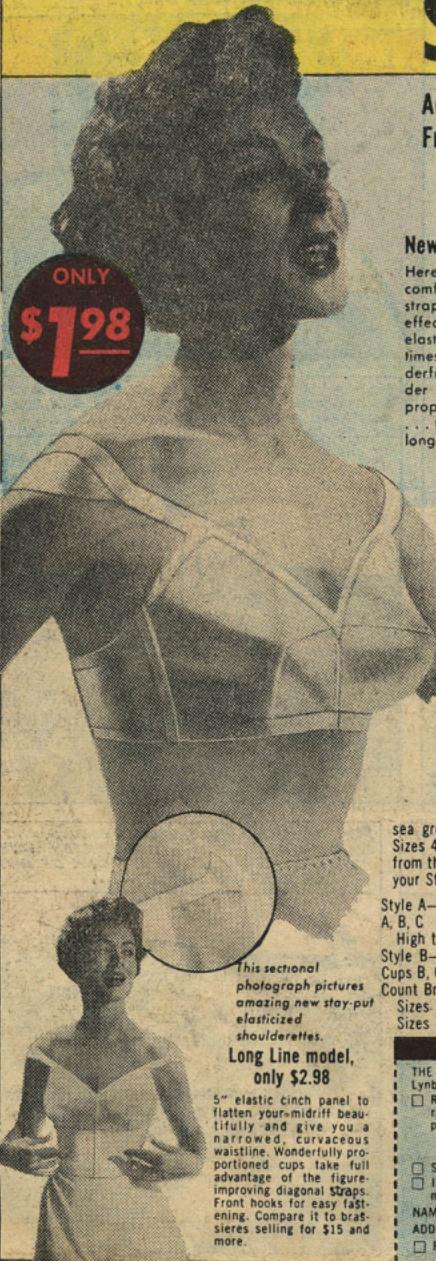
YOU'RE ON YOUR KNEES AS YOU SCREAM AND TRY TO YANK IT OUT, BUT THE BARB'S IN DEEP AND THAT TUNA IS READY TO LEAP...



FOR A SECOND YOU SOAR SCREAMING, AND WHEN THAT BIG FISH HITS THE GREEN WATER YOU'RE BEING TOWED LIKE A CHUNK OF BAIT AT THE END OF THE LINE...



NEW OFF SHOULDER SENSATION STRAP-EZE



Amazing New Construction Gives Beautiful Free Shoulders Without Cutting Straps

Now bare your lovely shoulders yet keep full support and control. Now, can't-slip construction guarantees the elimination of old-design cutting straps.

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Heretofore, the only way to overcome the annoying and uncomfortable shoulder strap "cut" or strain was to switch to a strapless-bra. Now, the problem has been solved, simply and effectively, with off-the-shoulder straps. Ingeniously-designed elastic shoulderettes, scientifically cupped to stay put at all times, take the strain off the shoulders and still provide wonderful support. The thrilling news is that this new kind of shoulder strap actually glorifies the bust. Add to this a perfectly proportioned uplift cup, center darts for positive separation . . . the result is a truly revolutionary all-purpose brassiere! In long-wearing, high-count broadcloth . . . meticulously tailored throughout. New York custom stitching. Sizes to fit **EVERYONE**.

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Order today at these low introductory prices. We make this special offer because we are so sure you will be delighted with your purchase you will become a steady customer. 30-day money back if you are not delighted.

STRAP-EZE makes it possible to wear such glamorous styles as this charming dress with comfort and assurance. This dress is our No. 7S452, in tantalizing rayon taffeta, black, navy or sea green. Sizes 9 to 20 - \$12.98. Sizes 40, 48 - \$13.98. Order direct from the S. J. Wegman Company with your Strap-Eze bra.

Style A—Bandéau sizes 32 to 44—Cups A, B, C

High test superb Broadcloth \$1.98

Style B—Long-line midriff Controller—Cups B, C, D, and E in Super Wear High Count Broadcloth

Sizes 34 to 42 _____ \$2.98

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This sectional photograph pictures amazing new stay-put elasticized shoulderettes.

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5" elastic cinch panel to flatten your midriff beautifully and give you a narrowed, curvaceous waist. Wonderfully proportioned to take full advantage of the figure-improving diagonal 5000. Front hooks for easy fastening. Compare it to brassieres selling for \$15 and more.

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Bandéau Bust Size _____ Cup Size _____

Long Line Bust Size _____ Cup Size _____

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

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A diamond ring. Masonic emblem in high relief on a slimmed-in flat-top ruby, flanked by 2 imported pseudo Diamonds. Gold color band. No. 323. 1.98.



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Your initial in 3-D relief on pseudo Ruby, flanked by 2 imitation diamonds. A real stunner! No. 401. Only 1.98



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Women feel proud wearing this splendid friendship ring. Same styling as diamond rings selling for \$500. No. 309. Only 1.98.



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Friendship ring of delicate beauty to be cherished for years! 2 "Hope" simulated Rubies. Entwined hearts. Gold color band. No. 413—1.98



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A real man's ring! 2 extra large brilliant imitation diamonds on 14 K rolled gold plate heavy band. No. 411. 1.98

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RUSH me the rings I have indicated by number below—ON 5 DAY FREE TRIAL . . . Money Back Guarantee. I enclose 1.98 for each ring.
(Send thin paper strip to show ring SIZE.)

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This brilliant pseudo Diamond appears to be on fire! Large circular sparkler on 14 K rolled gold plate band. No. 339. Only 1.98



Yours Alone

Exquisite Wedding Set. Round & Sapphite-cut design Pseudo Diamonds. Either ring 1.98 each. Both for 3.50. No. 304.

11-18-18

**FIRST
TIME!**

COMFORT-WALK PANTY Girdle with "Hide-a-way" DETACHABLE CROTCH

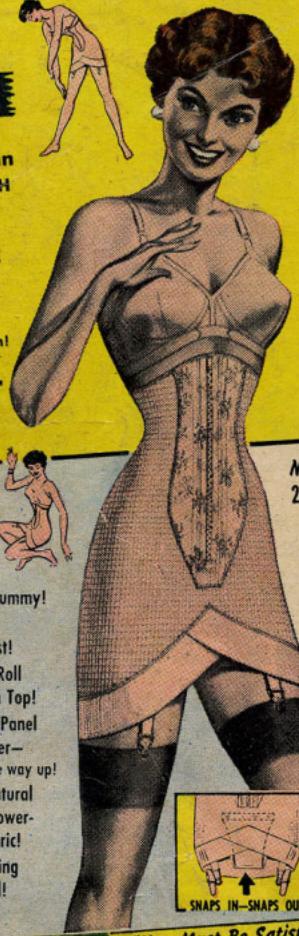
Wear it as a PANTY Girdle! Wear it as a REGULAR Girdle!

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NEW!

- NOW you can
- STRETCH
- BEND
- WALK
- DANCE in glorious comfort and freedom!

• Freedom-of-action
• Will not ride or shift
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- ★ Lifts and flattens Tummy!
- ★ Long Line High Waist!
- ★ Will Not Roll or Curl on Top!
- ★ Brocaded Panel with Zipper—Zips all the way up!
- ★ 100% Natural Rubber Power-Lastic Fabric!
- ★ Light Boning Cushioned!

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Every COMFORT-WALK SLIMMER carries our full guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

**"You Must Be Satisfied" —
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only**
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PAID
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COMFORT-WALK SLIMMER

WITH

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**GUARANTEED TO INSTANTLY
SLIM 2 SIZES OFF
your measurements**

OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

"COMFORT-WALK" SLIMMER Panty Girdle with exclusive "Hide-a-way" detachable crotch gives you the comfort and freedom you've always wanted. You walk, sit, stretch, bend, dance—even engage in sports, without shifting, riding-up, binding or rolling. So light and gentle—you hardly know you're wearing this magic figure-slimmer.

FREEDOM-OF-MOVEMENT!

The moment you close the zipper, this long-line, high-waist girdle whitlines inches off your waist, hips, thighs and derriere. Now, at last you can have the smooth, glamorous figure that makes you look years younger and sizes slimmer!

2 STYLES - 2 COLORS - ALL SIZES

Panty Girdle with "Hide-a-way" detachable snap-button crotch and garters or Regular Girdle. In Nude and White.

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Send C.O.D., I'll pay \$ _____ plus postage.

I enclose \$ _____ You pay postage.

Please Check:

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(Sizes 3) and over \$3.98)

CORRECT SIZE please. SEND ME _____ CROTCHES @ 49¢ each.

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